



THE DEBATER

GRADUATION

1915

NUMBER

THE HEART OF A BOY

Dedicated to the boys of Wakefield

WAYWARD, storm-tossed, and spent
With passions, fierce and unknown;

Feeling the pulse of life,
Beating a rhythmic tone.

Hasty, unmoral, bold—
Loyal to foe as friend;
Giving a blow for blow,
Faithful unto the end.

Tender, loving, and kind
Beneath the mask of the wild;
Strong and steady and true
Beats the heart of each man-child.

Elizabeth Frances Ingram

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PRINCIPAL CHARLES H. HOWE

The W. H. S. Debater

PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS OF
THE WAKEFIELD HIGH SCHOOL : :

VOL. 3

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No. 2

AN EMIGRANT'S DEPARTURE

IT was about four o'clock in the afternoon when we reached Queenstown, and after a light luncheon at the hotel, I took a walk around the town. I visited the famous cathedral on the hill and then sought the seashore. Here I remained for almost an hour, watching the tide as it crept slowly up on the sands. I finally returned to the hotel and retired early as the landlady informed her guests that emigrants usually left for the tender early. The bed in which I slept was none too comfortable, and as my mind was excited with the prospects of the voyage, it was long past midnight ere I fell asleep.

I was awakened suddenly by loud knocking on the door. The gray light of dawn stole through the curtained windows, and in a moment I realized that the day of departure had arrived. After dressing hurriedly, I ate a light breakfast and started for the wharf. Here was the usual hurry and bustle, hand shaking and farewells, tears and laughter. Two small steamers lay ready to take the passengers to the liner, which lay far out near the entrance to the harbor.

It was a beautiful morning; the sunlight sparkled on the waters and a light morning breeze blew in from the broad ocean. I stood in the bow of the tender, watching with interest the various sights of the harbor. Suddenly the tender changed its course and before me, as if it had sprung up from the depths, lay the "Arabie" at anchor. We passed close by it and beheld the "Republic" anchored half a mile away.

As we drew near the gigantic liner, I beheld a number of fruit venders circling about the ship in row boats. One can imagine my amazement, however, when I saw a large basket lowered by a rope from the deck of the liner and an intrepid old woman, loaded with fruit, get in to be hoisted aboard.

The change from the tender to the liner was quickly made, each passenger being separately examined by the ship doctor, who glanced at the interior of the eyelids

of each emigrant. This being over, each person was assigned a bunk, and final preparations for departure were made by the crew. I was just about to start on a trip of exploration when I realized the vessel was in motion. Coming on deck, I saw we were already near the outskirts of the harbor.

I remained on deck all the afternoon, watching the seagulls that screamed about the stern of the ship. We were now running along the south shore of Ireland and I feasted my eyes for the first time on the marvellous scenery of the Kerry shore.

In the west the sun was sinking low and the first faint flush of scarlet deepened into the purple of the evening sky. Far away lay the Kerry hills, fading into the deep shades of night, while across the silent sea the scented evening breezes wafted the sound of the breakers whose lingering echo was our last farewell.

JERRY J. BUCKLEY.



THE WOODS DURING A STORM

THERE is nothing, to my mind, that can compare with the solemn grandeur of the "Great Woods" during a storm.

Once when I was tramping in the Maine Woods, I suddenly became aware of an oppressive stillness, broken only by the twittering of some frightened bird. Upon glancing up, I noticed a great bank of clouds, shutting off the light of the sun, which was even then sinking in the west. Hastily looking for shelter, I found a sort of cave in a hillside. After seating myself therein, I awaited the war of the elements.

On came the clouds, piling themselves one upon the other in a wild confusion. It seemed as though they were in a hurry to work their destruction upon the

unoffending earth. Now and then I heard the rumbling of thunder which I, being in a fanciful mood, called the rumbling of the chariot wheels of the "Storm King." The sky became completely enveloped and a Stygian darkness covered all mortal things.

Suddenly, with a roar like the report of a German siege gun, the storm burst in all its fury. Flashes of lightning split the heavens from horizon to horizon. Back and forth across the sky, the lightning played, the flashes following each other in such rapid succession that I could see the havoc that the storm played.

The mighty trees, kings of their kind, swayed like reeds in the mighty blast. Now and then, with a ripping crack the top of some lofty tree would break off under the terrific strain. The rain fell in torrents, or rather in bucketfuls. The hillside was a raging river. The air was so charged with electricity that one could almost taste it.

After a time the lightning ceased and the thunder died away in the distance with only an occasional sharp crash as though the "Storm King" was just reminding the earth that he was not through with it even then.

The darkness continued, however. The wind still roared and the rain fell as before. It seemed more mysterious than ever for I could not see what was taking place. I felt as must a certain Greek hero have felt when he hunted the monster in the labyrinth. Soon the wind and rain subsided a bit and the sky became a dull leaden gray. Then I could see what havoc the storm had wrought.

The trees lay in long windrows, as if some mighty reaper had gone along with his scythe and mown them down. The bushes and grass were flattened to the earth like wet sheets. Here and there a little bird fluttered with a broken wing. Never in my life, before or since, have I seen so much damage done in so short a time.

Then as if to make amends for the violence displayed, the sun broke through the clouds and turned this scene of devastation into a sparkling, crystal palace. Its light, the sun's rays, was reflected from a thousand diamond points on every tree, rock, and bush. The birds began to sing their evening songs of praise to the now silent universe. All the world seemed to rejoice in the beauty of things.

As suddenly as it had broken through the clouds, the sun dipped to rest, leaving me with the chirping crickets to reflect on the works of the Almighty.

ZWICKER, '15.



FOOD ADULTERATION



CAREFUL attention should be given to the pure food problem; but the majority of people give it little thought, ordering their groceries from their dealers without specifying pure products.

Poisons, such as many coal tar dyes, formaldehyde, sulphurous acid, arsenic, lead, and many others are present in food products, although usually in minute quantities. Continual consumption of these poisons is likely to be followed with injurious results. Protection against this accumulative process may be obtained by using products which have been found to be pure rather than by trusting to the label.

It is wise in buying drugs to read carefully all labels. For instance, headache preparations containing acetanilid, antipyrine or phenacetin are dangerous drugs and have an injurious effect on the heart.

Baking powders which contain alum form aluminum hydroxide. This unites with the hydrochloric acid of the stomach, forming aluminum chloride, thus hindering digestion. A safe baking powder is one which contains cream of tartar or calcium phosphate.

The presence of poisonous substances in foods is sometimes accidental but more often is due to the desire to deceive. Oftentimes the manufacturer uses pure food materials, but in the course of the manufacture contamination takes place. Aqueous liquids frequently act upon the glass container and cause reactions with the alkali of the dissolved glass, producing precipitates and seriously altered flavors. Compounds containing lead and zinc are frequently used in rubber goods which come in contact with food products and, in the event of such foods being slightly acid, contamination with lead and zinc is the result.

The imitation flavors employed by manufacturers save them money on account of their penetrating character. A drop or two in a large amount of liquid is all that is needed to produce a taste which, if naturally produced, in the same amount of liquid, would require a large amount of much more expensive flavoring. This explains why methyl salicylate is used instead of wintergreen flavoring. Various compounds of ethers are used to produce other imitation flavors such as cherry, banana, peach, and plum.

The Board of Health of the town of Westfield, Mass., have made a careful investigation of food adulterations and have published a list of the most important pure foods on the market. This list can be obtained by sending 10 cents to the Westfield Board of Health. This book will protect anyone from consuming impure foods.

ERNEST E. FAIRBANKS.

TO THE CLASS OF 1919



DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS:— The editors of the DEBATER have very kindly put their columns at my disposal for anything I see fit. I know of no better use to which to put my opportunity than writing you.

You are soon to enter the high school. You will receive a hearty welcome from both teachers and scholars alike and we hope your four years may be profitable and happy.

You will find school life in the high school quite different from that you have been accustomed to.

In the first place, you will have more freedom around the school building. You may make a mistake and think that you have the right to do anything you please. You will soon discover, however, that your freedom must be attended by self control and a willingness and desire not to interfere with the rights of others, both teachers and your fellow pupils. You will be willing, I am sure, to speak in low tones at recess time, to refrain from running around the corridors and to obey the reasonable requests of your teachers in a pleasant and agreeable manner.

Again, the routine of your daily work will be much different from what it has been heretofore. It is quite likely that no two day's work will be the same. Each will stand by itself and you will have difficulty in remembering just when your recitations occur unless you have taken pains to make a written programme for each day to which you can refer.

Once more, you will find it quite another thing to recite to four or five different teachers in the course of a day from what it was when you had only one teacher. It will be necessary for you to learn the ways of them all in order to get along well. Do not, for a moment, think that what satisfies one teacher will necessarily satisfy another.

A word or two regarding your work. Success in your studies will depend altogether upon the regularity of your work. A regular time for *studying* each lesson is as important as it is for reciting it. Sometime you will be tempted to omit your study hour for the sake of something else. Do not yield. I have seen failure come to a boy, who had always been a good scholar, simply because school work had been neglected for play. It is not so much the amount of work put upon one's lessons that brings success as it is the regularity of that work.

Another temptation will assail you, some of you, at least, about the first week in November. This is the time for the distribution of the report cards for September and October. You may find that your marks

are not what you expected, not as good as those you used to receive in grammar school. You will be tempted to give up study. You may be discouraged. You may even want to leave school. Don't be a quitter, as the boys say in football. Be philosophical and say, "I never give up."

Another factor in your success is punctuality. If every day finds you in your place in school, your success is practically assured. Only the most urgent reasons are sufficient to warrant absence from school. It is not a sufficient excuse to say that you went shopping, or to the dressmaker's, or dentist, or the theatre or "on an errand for my mother." Do not misunderstand me. There are times when you *ought not* to come to school. If you will come every other time but these, you will be satisfied with your success.

Finally, be friendly with your teachers. Talk over with them your plans for the future. You will always find them glad to talk with you. Do not hesitate to ask them for help in your work. And above all things do not scold about your teachers when things don't go as you expect. Nothing so endangers one's profitable use of school as the habit of scolding.

Trusting that these random thoughts may be of some slight service to you in your new venture and with best wishes for a prosperous and happy year, I am

Yours sincerely,

CHARLES H. HOWE.

WAKEFIELD, THE BEST TOWN—
WHY?

WAKEFIELD is a conveniently located suburb of Boston. It is situated on the main line of the Boston and Maine Railroad, and is within ten miles of the state capital, situated on Beacon Hill, Boston. Many of its most respected citizens are connected either directly or indirectly with one or more of the great businesses, or manufacturing houses, whose headquarters or offices are located in Boston.

Besides being well-known as a residential town, it has a great variety of manufactures. A person riding in a railway coach in the Southern, Western, or Pacific States, in Europe, South America, or even in India, may see on glancing down at the inscription on the car-seat, the following words, "Made by Heywood Brothers and Wakefield Company, Wakefield, Mass., U. S. A." Also a London or Parisian woman, asking to be shown underwear in a London or Parisian shop, might be shown some of the products of the "Harvard

Mills," also manufactured in "The Best Town." Furthermore, when anyone speaks of the shoe manufacturing centers of the world, everybody knows that Lynn, Mass., and her suburbs are meant; now, another hit may be scored for Wakefield, for it is one of the suburbs of Lynn (that is, speaking in terms of shoe manufacturing). Then, too, the Henry F. Miller pianos, which are known throughout the civilized world, are the products of the skilled workmen who are employed in the shops of the "Henry F. Miller Piano Co.," whose factories are at Wakefield. A department of the firm of "Wright and Ditson," the greatest manufacturing concern in the world which devotes its energies wholly to the manufacture of athletic and sporting goods, is located here. We have also the works of the "Smith and Anthony Co." For over fifty years this concern has been known the world over for the manufacture of high grade stoves and furnaces, and this firm takes second place to none in the making of these products. The "Jenkins-Phipps Co." is a very progressive firm engaged in the manufacture of reed and willow furniture. Without doubt, their goods will soon be as well-known in the various markets of the world as are the products of the "Heywood Brothers and Wakefield Company." The "Lead Lined Iron Pipe Company" is another of the promising industries of this busy community; their chief business lies in the manufacture of lead lined iron pipe.

With such a variety of industries in a town with a population of only about 13,000, and with these industries employing such a high class of workmen, it is not strange that skilled mechanics seek, and find, a most acceptable haven of refuge in the "Best Town." With such labor and under such conditions, is it strange that the shops should run so smoothly, that the workingman should be so contented, happy, and peaceful, and that there should be no ill feeling between employer and employee?

As for natural beauty—a person passing through this town will have his eyes attracted by a very pleasing landscape. The center of the town rests on a plane three-quarters of a mile in width and three miles in length. This plane is flanked on the east and west sides by hills, which are covered by trees with beautiful residences here and there. At either end of this plane lies a beautiful lake. The one towards the south, called "Crystal Lake," is used by the town as a water supply. "Lake Quannapowitt," or the upper lake as it is locally termed, was named after an Indian chief, whose tepee formerly rested on the shore of the lake. It is second only to the Charles River as a popular canoeing resort in Eastern Massachusetts.

Since such advantages establish the reputation of a town, and, to a large extent the character of its townspeople, it is not strange that we take great pride in our town.

HAROLD MONCRIEFF.



MANAGING A HIGH SCHOOL PAPER

THE management of a high school paper is a difficult task, especially when money is "tied up" as it has been this year.

The first thing the managers must do is to consult the printer, give him some idea about the number of pages to be printed, and find out how much time will be required for the printing.

In small schools not representing great wealth, the cost of printing has to be met in part by advertisements. To obtain these advertisements is not so easy as one might think. For instance, at one store that advertised in last year's DEBATER, we were told that "the paper didn't bring in a single customer" and that "the money was thrown away." Other merchants in town confront us with the rules of the Merchants' Association, which bars them from advertising in anything but the newspapers.

Soliciting "ads" in the city is still worse. We started out early one Saturday morning with the expectation of procuring at least one page of advertisements. The first place we visited was a large jewelry house, but we were told by the advertising manager that he couldn't possibly take on any more school papers as the firm was advertising in about a dozen different ones at the present time. After visiting three other jewelers with the same success, we decided to take the department stores. Two of the stores said they never advertised in anything but the newspapers, two were financially embarrassed, while a third could do nothing then, but would consider the graduation number.

The same day we called on three athletic houses; the first turned us down because our high school did not buy our athletic goods from them, and, argue as we might, we could not prevail upon them to give us an advertisement. At the next place we went to, we found that the advertising manager was out sick, while the third did all of its advertising through an agent in New York, which meant that two weeks must elapse before our proposition could be considered. We next

tried the newspapers, but they have an agreement among themselves not to advertise in anything but newspapers. At last we succeeded in getting an advertisement from a jewelry house, but the proprietor is a resident of Wakefield.

After the advertisements and the reading matter have been sent to the printer, comes the long job of correcting proofs. This requires a visit at the printing office at least once a day for about three weeks.

After the paper has been printed and bound, the managers must begin to make plans for the sale of the paper. They naturally rely upon the school to back them in the enterprise, but again they are doomed to disappointment.

In planning for the publication of the last DEBATER, we estimated that we could safely reckon on selling copies to one half the student body. When all returns were in, we found that one hundred and fifty-two of a student body numbering four hundred and seventy-six pupils, had bought copies—twenty copies going to the Freshman class, numbering one hundred and forty pupils.

Judging from the criticisms that we hear favorable and otherwise, there is no lack of interest in the enterprise. What is the matter then, and what shall we do about it?

M. W. THRESHER.



MY FIRST SCHOOL DAY IN LONG TROUSERS

WITH APOLOGIES TO R. M. D.



STARTED for school one bright March morning, feeling very big in my first pair of long trousers. I had at last persuaded my father to let me put them on, though he still maintained that fifteen was too young.

I was walking along quietly, occupied with my thoughts, never dreaming that anyone was near, when I heard some one giggle, and on turning around I saw two girls whom I had known for a great many years. They were laughing and giggling, seemingly very much amused at their conversation, though I was too far away to hear what they said. In spite of my embarrassment I tried to appear nonchalant and natural. I kicked the stones from my path, threw several into the air and caught them, broke up sticks and threw

them far and wide, and jumped a low fence; but the girls only laughed the more.

When I arrived at Main street the upper classmen were just going to drill and I heard some remarks not very complimentary, such as "Aren't the babies growing up quick?" "Gee, some class to the 'freshie'," which made me feel very small and insignificant.

The freshmen boys greeted me more kindly; several congratulated me. But the girls all laughed and one remarked, "Doesn't he look cute!" But when her companion said "*Some class*," I couldn't stand it any longer, and I replied, "Well, you know what you can do, if you don't like them." I regretted this at once, as it brought a laugh from the pupils in the corridor and someone said, "Pretty touchy, isn't he!" I could feel my face grow red and I hurried to my seat, though I did not arrive there without accidents. I tripped over the feet of several boys and bumped into a girl, knocking a book from her hand. When I returned it to her, she looked me over from my head to my heels and grinned. I was never so thankful before for the shelter of my desk cover, and I did not put it down until the last bell rang.

In class the teachers called me Mr. instead of Master, and that also made the boys laugh.

I decided that I had been ridiculed enough for one day and would take the car home from school. I rode on the front platform with the motorman and succeeded in escaping the eyes of the passengers.

I was just a few feet from home and was beginning to breathe freely again, when I heard some one cough, and looked up to meet the smiling eyes of one of my schoolmates. She seemed to be stricken with a choking fit, but her cough didn't sound natural. Fearing her questions, I started for the house on a run, followed by the taunting remark, "Fraid cat." I was thankful when at last the door closed behind me. But I did not have peace even then, as my small brother greeted me with, "Oh, Mama, see Bobby in his new trousers. He's a real grown-up man." "Aw, shut up, I've heard enough of that today," I said. That was the last straw, and I rushed up the stairs to the seclusion of my room.

L. C. S., '18.



The High School always welcomes the Grand Army Veterans. Their presence at the Friday session before Memorial Day is an inspiration to nobler living and higher thinking. They personify unselfishness. We sit at their feet in loving respect and honor.

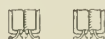
THE COMMERCIAL DEPARTMENT

HOW many people have ever thought of the advantage the Commercial Department affords the pupils of the Wakefield High School? Perhaps if more consideration was given this course, there would be more interest shown in it. What does this department afford the average boy and girl who must leave school after their high school course? This is the only department in the school in which the boys and girls are fitted to earn their own living after "graduating." It qualifies the student to take dictation with the average stenographer and gives him a moderate rate of speed in type-writing. Complex book-keeping is also taught while letter-writing receives careful and thorough attention.

But with all these advantages there is still one very necessary thing lacking in this department. That is room space to accommodate all the classes. The commercial department in the Wakefield High School numbers eighty-two students. At certain times in one of the three rooms used for this department, there are fifty pupils some studying and some reciting at the same time; while in the next room, separated by a partition which is merely a frame work, twenty-four or twenty-five type writers are going at once. Other students are forced to study in a room which should be used for drawing purposes only, and which has no desks or conveniences for holding papers or books.

If some of the good citizens of our town would come and visit our school and note the crowded conditions, I am sure that they would go away thoroughly convinced that the right time has come for our town to have a new high school.

MARION KENNEDY, Com. '15.



THE IDEAL OFFICE ASSISTANT

THERE are many necessary qualifications in the making of the ideal office assistant, but appearance is regarded as the most essential. The ideal office assistant dresses neatly, and attractively, but not in the extreme of fashion, taking particular notice of the little but important things, that help to make an attractive personal appearance, such as shoes polished, hair combed in a becoming manner, finger nails neatly manicured. At the office she shows the utmost care in keeping her desk and office surroundings in order.

Her manners are beyond criticism. She does not chew gum, neither does she laugh or talk loudly in public places, or at the office.

She regards punctuality as a necessity, and arrives at the office a little before time, rather than late, and is not afraid to remain after hours, if there is anything to be done.

Accuracy is a very important element in the making of an ideal stenographer. She practises shorthand until she can read it quickly and accurately. If an employer has to wait for his stenographer to make out shorthand outlines in a hurry letter, it oftentimes loses him business. Accuracy and ability to read notes quickly are necessary to the ideal stenographer. "Anyone can write shorthand, but if he cannot read it, what is it worth?"

There is no profession in which there is so much need of good English, as there is in stenography. If the employer lacks a good knowledge of English, and makes an error in dictating, the stenographer must correct it. But if the stenographer is the one that is deficient in this respect, and the errors are not corrected, the employer is likely to be ridiculed, and he will soon find it necessary to get a new assistant. The ideal office assistant is very careful about her spelling. Careless mistakes in spelling, such as "principle" for "principal," "know" for "no" "to" for "too", are very annoying, and show very little thought on the part of the stenographer.

The ideal stenographer regards "honesty as the best policy". She is always ready to admit an error, and while at the office considers only the interests of her employer. She is courteous and considerate at all times, as she is the representative of her employer.

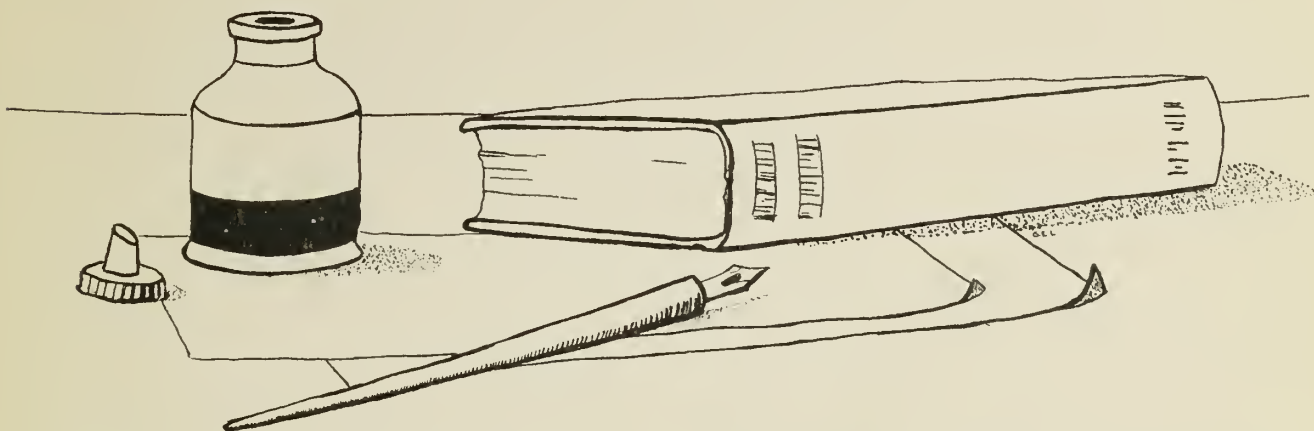
A stenographer, having these characteristics, is working to success, and deserves to be called an "ideal office assistant".

M. E. KEEFE, Commercial '15



Our building is a hive of industry from morning till evening and, in the winter months, even into the night. With the forenoon sessions for upper classes and afternoon sessions for the freshmen, the elementary Evening School and School for Millinery, the Boys' Debating Society, the Girls' Debating Society, the monthly meeting of the Wakefield Improvement Association, and the regular meeting of the Girls' Glee Club, there would seem to be little further use to which the building could be put. We wonder that the janitor can find opportunity to keep the building in condition.

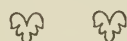
EDITORIALS



Issued by the Senior Class of the Wakefield High School

Alec G. Williams	Editor.
Margaret Clark	} Assistant Editors.
Marion Kennedy	
Millard Thresher	Business Manager.
Arthur Maxwell	Assistant Business Manager.
Norman Kingston	Exchange Editor.
Eliot Zwicker	Athletic Editor.

WE STRIVE



THIS DEBATER is the good-bye number for the members of the Senior class. The time has come when we must say good-bye to the teachers who have helped us, and the building which has sheltered us.

We are about to drop the hand which has led us, and to strike out for ourselves. Let us strive.

The world with its work and play, pleasures and sorrows, is ours, and we must use it and use it well. Let us not forget we are of the generation which must soon rule the land. As we step on to the stage, somebody steps off, and in going says, "My place is yours, use it well." Let us never forget the ideals which have been taught us. Let us give our lives to the world, that the world may be benefited by them. Oh, friends, let us be good, be honest, be true, merciful in power, and courageous in trouble.

May the light of God shine ever upon us.

The DEBATER says "good-bye and God speed" to the class of 1915.

Our fathers are citizens of the town of Wakefield. They are good citizens and we are proud of them.

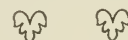
We are citizens of the Wakefield High School. We also must be good citizens. The DEBATER questions if the citizens of our school live up to their citizenship as well as the citizens of the town of Wakefield.

The town of Wakefield goes to great expense each year, that its streets may be clean and beautiful. Do the citizens of our school attend to paper in the aisles and empty desks?

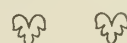
The town of Wakefield maintains good order in its midst. Do the citizens of our school have the same respect for law?

Let us think this over from the teachers' point of view. Get to know the teachers. We shall discover that they are human, after all, and have many of the same views of life that we have.

If we were to do these little things, and other duties that come our way, we should indeed be citizens of a community that we could be proud of. Let us remember that in our little town we have the opportunity to acquire those qualities which make for good citizenship.



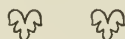
Is two of the greatest disasters on the sea that the world has ever known American men have shown that they can die like heroes. Let us, the living, show that we know how to live like heroes.



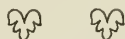
IMPROVE your opportunities. Young men in the Freshman class, have you improved your opportunities this winter? Are you going to become a Sophomore

with five or ten points to make up? We have been in the High School for four years. We understand it fairly well. *We know* that opportunities lost in school are lost forever. Ten points lost mean a lot of trouble at the end of the Senior year. As it is in school, so it will be in life.

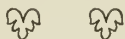
We who have learned say to you who are learning, do not let anything get by you while you are in the Wakefield High School. If you improve your time here, you will be sure to improve it in later life. Remember that in nine cases out of ten, "I don't know", and, "I can't", are the result of pure laziness. Be diligent, and improve your opportunities.



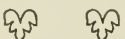
We regret to announce that, because of lack of space, we have been obliged to omit from our columns an interesting letter from Editor Cade of "The Tech News," Worcester Polytechnic Institute. Mr. Cade, who is a graduate of the Wakefield High School, says the Polytechnic Institute is an ideal place for a young man.



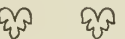
THE DEBATER congratulates Mr. Howe on the last fire drill, in which the building was cleared in the record breaking time of one minute and forty seconds without noise or confusion.



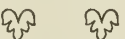
It has been said that the boys of Wakefield lack initiative. This the DEBATER feels to be untrue, and is a bit indignant that such a charge should have been made. Acts speak louder than words, boys, therefore, be forceful in the management of all your enterprises.



In the light of world events, it would seem wise for all human beings to ponder in their hearts the words found in a rare old Book, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."



Those of us who were fortunate enough to hear Jerry Buckley's rendering of Robert Emmet's last speech will not soon forget it. We are sorry to lose Jerry from our ranks, but we are glad of the new opportunity that has come to him.



We congratulate the winners of the honor parts this year. All the members of the class feel that those so honored are the ones who deserve the honor. For four years they have set a good example to their classmates; they have been good and cheerful friends and companions. Oh boys, if you would but work, you might shine likewise.

THE AMERICAN MERCHANT MARINE



THE situation of the American Merchant Marine, forty years before the Civil War, was one of ascendancy. It held sway over the commerce of the Western Hemisphere, thereby bestowing upon American shippers, a position of importance in foreign and domestic financial affairs. Practically every city on the Atlantic coast boasted a fleet of merchantmen, equal in number to a tenth of its male population, sailing under the American flag. These vessels were manned almost entirely by American citizens, to whom the time-honored customs of the high seas were a sufficient law.

Such a merchant marine had been developed by the constantly increasing production of cotton in the South, and of manufactured goods in the North, which greatly exceeded the demand in this country. However, this condition of affairs was soon to be terminated by two causes, both vitally important to the United States: first, the Civil War, and second, the oppression of American sailors.

At the time of the Civil War, the American Navy consisted of a few poorly-armed vessels, which could not be considered as men-of-war. Consequently, the merchantmen of both North and South were commandeered by their respective governments, to engage in blockade duty, which determined the downfall of the Confederacy. So bitter was the struggle, that at the end of the war, only a mere fragment of the fleets of once prosperous merchantmen remained.

The causes of the second blow to our merchant marine, namely, the oppression of the sailors, were many and varied. During the thirty years directly preceding 1850, the profits which had been derived from American vessels in trade with Great Britain and the West Indies, had been immediately re-invested in more ships until American shippers were overstocked with merchantmen, thus giving rise to keen competition. The foremost ship owners, being well equipped with vessels, ceased to re-invest their profits, but combined to form a corporation, for the purpose of putting an end to individual ownership. This was soon followed by other combinations which precipitated the competition into a war for financial control. There could be but one result. The companies immediately began reducing expenses by diminishing the operating costs. This led to such oppression of American sailors, that stringent laws were passed by the United States government, which together with the ravages of the war completely demoralized American shipping.

In the fifty years that have elapsed since the close of the Civil War, the condition of American shippers has

declined until they have ceased to compete with other nations. The great seven masted sailing vessels, proudly flying the Stars and Stripes, that once dotted the seas, are no more.

If one were to study the marine situation in the Port of Boston, he must be impressed by the fact, that all of the transatlantic freight traffic of this port sails under the British or the Norwegian flag. How many of us stop to think that since September, 1914, there has been only one transatlantic passenger sailing per month from the Port of Boston, and this under British registry. Add to this the fact, that fully one-third of the American coast-wise traffic is likewise under the Union Jack, and we get some idea of what the situation of the American merchant marine will be, at the close of the European conflict, no matter how far distant.

What are we to do when Great Britain sails her merchantmen to South America for wool, which will enable her to raise her war debt far more quickly than boots and shoes from Boston? This leads us directly to a most serious problem, namely, the possession of South American trade.

Great wealth is hidden in the plains of South America. Is American capital going to rest serene, and see millions borne away from under its very finger tips for the want of a merchant marine?

The possibilities of an American merchant marine under favorable laws are practically limitless. Capital is perfectly free to buy merchantmen, and American shipyards are as ready to build them. It only remains to settle the much discussed question of government ownership. Government ownership has never proved a success, either in New Zealand, where the railroad, telephone, and telegraph lines are so controlled, or in this country, where the parcels' post system has proved a distinct failure from a financial standpoint.

In closing we come face to face with the question, "If conditions are so favorable for the establishment of a merchant marine, why has it not been attempted?"

Those of us who are wont to observe business conditions are doubtless aware that the crews of the majority of British and German freighters, touching at Boston, are composed chiefly of Orientals. Chinese labor is much cheaper than white labor since men rarely receive over ten dollars per month, and from this pay their living expenses, while the United States government provides for a minimum wage for sailors of twenty dollars per month and expenses. How can the American shipper even contemplate competition against such odds? The government continues its abnoxious policy in the new Seaman's Bill, and rules that at least 75% of "the crew of any vessel, touching at an American port, shall be able to understand an order spoken by the

master of the vessel." As a direct result, the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, the largest American shipping concern, which found Chinese labor at twenty dollars per month superior to the American labor available on the Pacific coast, announces a dissolution and a cancellation of all sailings after November 1, 1915.

Thus we have a striking example of the hasty madness, which has so materially hindered the revival of the merchant marine. Let us hope for speedy legislation in favor of American shippers, if the United States would command a position of respect on the high seas.

GEORGE BUTTERFIELD, '15.



THE PARENT-TEACHERS' MEETING

AN event new to Wakefield occurred Wednesday evening, May 19, when the teachers of the town, together with the parents and other friends of the schools, held in the town hall their first town-wide parent-teachers' meeting.

The music of the evening was furnished by a volunteer orchestra and the Girls' Glee Club of the High School, both under the direction of Mr. C. Albert Jones. The work done by the Glee Club was particularly creditable and has received much favorable comment. The girls have ample cause to be proud of their accomplishment and every reason to look forward with confidence to the future of their organization.

Two speakers of prominence addressed the meeting, Dr. A. E. Winship, editor of the Journal of Education, and Mrs. W. L. Smith, state organizer of the National Parent-Teachers' Association. Dr. Winship made it clear that the schools could and should serve the community in much broader ways than at present, and that the parents and the general public should have a greater interest in the schools. As a means to this end he urged the formation here of an active parent-teachers' organization. Mrs. Smith then sketched the history of the parent-teachers' movement and presented the work of such organizations, particularly in this state.

The addresses of the evening were followed by discussion and questions, after which the meeting voted its approval of the parent-teachers' movement, and also voted that the Superintendent of Schools, in conjunction with the principals of the schools not having such organizations, should appoint committees to aid in organizing these districts.

As a result of the meeting there will probably be in each school district, as there is now at Greenwood, a lively parent-teachers' organization. This will be a distinct step forward towards better things in Wakefield.

HONOR PARTS



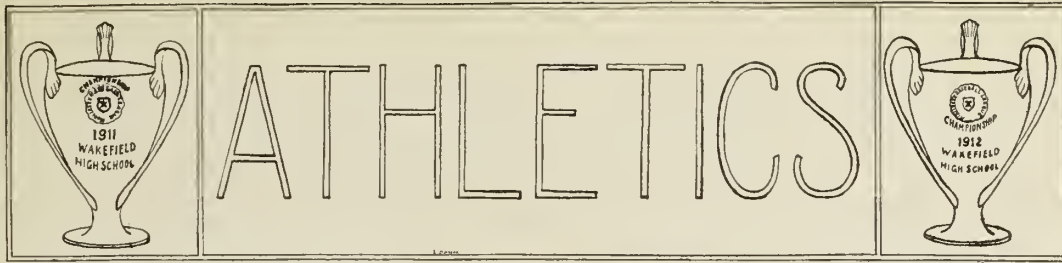
Valedictorian
GLADYS WATKINS



Salutatorian
BARBARA RANDALL



Honor Part
THELMA BRIDGE



TRACK

THE prospect for a good track team this spring, was very bright. For the first time in the history of the school we could turn out a team capable of doing creditable work in competition with other high schools of Greater Boston.

"Jack" Gordon, with a faithful few, and without any encouragement from the student body, training faithfully without any coaching, made the start that enables us to have a team this year.

Inspired by their success, Captain Joseph Duggan started a cross-country team last fall. A dozen boys reported and from these a fine team was picked. Runs were arranged with Peabody, Stoneham, and Woburn. The team finished second in the Mystic League, and fifth at the meet held under the auspices of Worcester Academy.

Captain Joseph Duggan, George Goodwin, and Charles Kirk were our most consistent runners, and for their faithfulness and good work they were rewarded with "W's".

George Goodwin finished first in every run, except at Worcester where he finished third. He broke the record of the Mystic League by two minutes. Much of the success of the team is due to Manager Millard Thresher.

As a result of the fine showing, interest in track work ran high and when Captain Duggan called out the candidates for the indoor relay team, about thirty fellows responded.

Malden High School offered us the use of its outdoor track for any afternoon in the week after four o'clock. Later in the season Captain Connelly of Co. A allowed us to practice evenings in the Armory with the Co. A track team. We are very grateful to the Malden High

and to Captain Connelly for making it possible for us to have an indoor track team.

Time trials were held each week for the relay team. Captain Duggan, Paul K. Guillow, Harold Moncrief, and Wilfred Moncrief made the team as regulars and Earl Glidden and Robert Philbrook as substitutes.

This team ran in the B. A. A. Irish-American and at the Armory. At both games Wakefield came in third and at the Armory meet they beat Stoneham High.

On February 19, the track team held an athletic meet in the State Armory. The main features of this meet were the relay races between Huntington School, Malden, Stoneham, and Wakefield, and Co. K and Co. A. This meet was a big success. The proceeds enabled a track coach to be hired for the spring.

The work is not, however, without its drawbacks. The school session, which lasts from eight o'clock in the morning until four-thirty in the afternoon, makes practice in regular squads almost impossible, except in the evening. The absence of any playgrounds or proper field for track competition is also discouraging. Lack of funds is also another drawback. Despite all this, the men under Captain Duggan are training faithfully, and will be ready to give an account of themselves when the opportunity is offered.

Meets with Peabody, Melrose, and Rindge Technical schools have been arranged, and teams representing the Wakefield High School will be sent to the games at Peabody, Arlington, Harvard, and Worcester.

The fellows out for track are Captain Duggan, H. and W. Moncrief, Maxwell, Barry, Eaton, Guillow, Glidden, Dignan, Drugan, Winslow, Sexton, Philbrook, Coakley, Dillaway, C. and J. Kirk, Zwicker, Goodwin, and Collinson.

PAUL K. GUILLOW, 1915.



INDOOR TRACK MEET

THROUGH the efforts of Faculty Manager John Sawyer, Student Manager Millard Thresher, and the track squad, a very successful Athletic Meet was held at the State Armory, Friday evening, February 19.

As additional features, the relay teams of Huntington School, Malden High, Stoneham High, Co. A, and Co. K, were invited to compete.

A military drill, led by Major Ralph Belmore, opened the program. The cadets gave a fine account of themselves and were well received by the crowd. The greatest surprise of the evening was the victory of Malden High over the Huntington School in the relay.

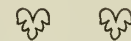
Wakefield High had little trouble in defeating Stoneham High, beating them by half a lap.

OUTDOOR TRACK MEET

WAKEFIELD High opened its outdoor track season Thursday afternoon, April 29, by defeating Peabody High, 44-28, on the park.

Score :	Wakefield	Peabody
100 yds.	3	6
220 yds.	3	6
880 yds.	6	3
Mile	8	1
Pole vault	5	4
Running broad	4	5
Running high	6	3
Shot put	9	0
	—	—
Totals	44	28

PAUL K. GUILLOW, 1915.

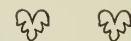


MELROSE MEET

MELROSE defeated Wakefield in a dual track meet, 45 to 27, at Melrose, May 16.

Wakefield failed to land a point in the 100 yd. shot put or broad jump.

The score :	Melrose	Wakefield
100 yds.	9	0
220 yds.	6	3
Half-mile	1	3
Mile	3	6
Pole-vault	2	7
Shot-put	9	0
Broad-jump	9	0
High-jump	6	3
	—	—
Totals	45	27



BASEBALL

CAPTAIN Fred Reid called out the baseball candidates the last week in March. About thirty boys responded and after three weeks' practice, Coach George Meloney cut the squad to eleven men.

The veterans' back, besides Captain Fred Reid, 1 b, p, are Frank Reid, rf, Malcolm Eaton, 2b, Thomas Dignan, cf, p, Morris Donnavan, ss, Earl Glidden, cf, Thomas Murray, p, cf, Eugene Sullivan, lf, and Gibbons, c.

Raymond Cassidy, 3b, Daniel Galvin, c, and Huestis, c, are the new members of the team. Cassidy is putting up a fine game at third. This is the first time he has come out for the team. It is also Galvin's first try, and he is making good fast. The substitutes are Burke, p, rf, Luken, c, rf; Branch, fielder, Sexton, cf, Barrett, 2b.

PAUL K. GUILLOW.

TWO MONTHS BEFORE THE MAST

MY ability as a narrator being widespread among my fellowmen, I have recently been approached by different intimate friends, urging me to write a short account of a voyage, which I am known to have taken in my youth, and which I did not then have the ability to write out. Deeming myself now capable of recounting my exploits, I have settled down to the task with the help of my invaluable diary, which I faithfully kept during the voyage.

My thirst for the sea having overcome the objections of my ever thoughtful parents, I was at last permitted, in the thirteenth year of my life, to embark on the sea. My father secured a berth for me as cabin boy on the five masted schooner, "Margaret Haskell", the captain of which was my father's friend. Thus it was on July 13, 1911, I went on the steamer to Searsport, Me., where the schooner then lay at anchor. I wore all the clothes I needed, the old were under the new.

The captain met me at the pier with the launch, but before going aboard, he went to town, so I had a few minutes to roam around. I found the place a typical Maine coast town, the natives depending upon summer residents for their livelihood.

We lay in this port three days, waiting for a favorable wind. When this finally came, the refrigerator was stocked and the larder filled. On the morning of July 17, I was awakened by the noise on deck, and going up, found a tug boat puffing away, starting us on our way to Norfolk, Va.

We soon passed out to sea, and from then until our arrival at Norfolk, little enough happened which would interest a boy. My duties were very few, the most important being to amuse the captain by pranks played on the sailors. Nothing appears in my diary except little jottings like the following: "Saw a whale," "Passed Cape Cod," "Saw a school of porpoises," "Caught seven fish while anchored," and the like. However, I remember several additional incidents. Once, on a wager of a quarter, I climbed the spanker mast on the loops. At another time we were within hailing distance of another schooner, on which was a boy about my age. He was from Georgia, and when I said I was from Massachusetts, he immediately challenged me to a fight. Such is the brotherly love between the North and the South. As we were silently sliding by a dozing whale, I "borrowed" the captain's 38 repeating rifle, and emptied it into the whale. It jumped as you would if someone stuck a pin in you when half asleep.

We reached port on August 7. We passed Capes Charles and Henry in the early morning, and were in Hampton Roads at sunrise. At the coal wharves I watched the loading of the vessel. Large chutes similar

to those used by men in a cellar window, only about ten times larger, are pointed into the hold, with the upper end on the cars, which are elevated. Trap doors are opened, and the coal roars down. When the car is empty it is switched over, and another takes its place. In this way the largest steamers are filled in three or four hours.

Later in the day, I visited Norfolk, which is almost as black as Pittsburgh, not because of the smoke, but the people. I arrived when the watermelon season was in its prime. Such watermelons! We don't get them in the North; the South keeps them for itself.

After remaining at Norfolk three days, waiting for "winds and tide", we again set sail on August 10, and were soon at sea. It was on our return trip that I caught a large dog fish, which required several bats from an oar before it would give up the ghost. We made a fast return trip, passing through a storm, when I saw real waves rise over our heads on the deck. By this time I had learned the use of the chart, and was plotting out the nearest course home. We reached Searsport on August 24, two weeks after our departure from Norfolk. I took the steamer home the same night, and thus my "Two Months Before the Mast" completely quenched my thirst for sea water.

DILLAWAY, '15.



THE HIGH SCHOOL BATTALION

THE annual prize drill of the battalion was held at the town hall May 28 1915. Considering the short time allowed each week to military drill, the showing was remarkable. The regular drills, and program of battalion formation, company and individual evening parade, with the awarding of commissions and medals by Mr. Howe, was carried out as usual. The companies were very evenly matched, and both the Senior and Junior competitive individual drills were very closely contested. A new medal was given this year by Capt. George F. Gardner of Co. A, 1914, for the first sergeant of the winning company.

The winners of the prizes were as follows: in the Senior drill: 1st, Sergt. William McLeod, Co. C.; 2d, Sergt. Carl Belmore, Co. C.; 3d, Sergt. George Wallace, Co. B. In the Junior drill: 1st, Priv. Everett Wilkins, Co. B.; 2d, Priv. Edson Tredinnick, Co. A.; 3d, Priv. Cyrus M. Dolbeare, Co. B.

Orderly medal given for the greatest improvement in the manual of arms and for good behavior at the drills, Cyrus M. Dolbeare, Co. B.

The company drill was won by Co. A., Fred G. Reid.

The first sergeant medal of the winning company, went to Clifford Sawyer.

MAJOR RALPH E. BELMORE.

A CHANGE OF DIRECTION

GOOD-BYE, grandma. Now don't you worry about me. I'll be all right with Marjorie, but you look out for yourself and have a fine time. I know you will, though, Aunt Alice is such a dear. Give my love to all the family and for heaven's sake be careful of your pocket-book."

"Good-bye, dear. I'll try not to worry about you, but I never can tell what you're going to do next. Be sure to help Mrs. Lane with the house-work and do keep your clothes mended. A month does seem a long time to leave a scatter-brained girl like you to take care of herself. Do be a good girl."

"I'll be a perfect angel, grandma," and Jean Stedman kissed her grandmother reassuringly. "You really must go now. John is waiting and you'll miss the train if you don't hurry."

Mrs. Stedman got into the old ramsackle hack, drawn by a horse still older, and driven by a man who was pointed out to newcomers as a landmark of the town. She settled herself among her bags and boxes, and then turned around to wave and to have one last glimpse of the pretty dark-haired girl, standing in the doorway and waving her hand as if her life depended on it.

As the carriage rounded the bend in the road, Jean turned and ran into the house, up to her room and began to pack her suit-case. Now, at last, she could follow the one desire of her romantic little soul. She could go to the distant city, where Red Cross nurses were enlisting, enlist, go to the front on the first steamer and bring back to life and love hundreds and hundreds of wounded and discouraged soldiers. Of course they would all be very grateful to her and one never could tell *what* might happen. But of course she would wait until the war was all over and she wasn't needed any more. Could anything be nobler than this great ambition to be of some help in the world!

While these thoughts flashed through her mind, her fingers worked busily and in an incredibly short time her suit-case was ready and she was dressed in her navy blue traveling-suit and stylish little hat.

Not until she was fairly settled in her luxurious parlor-car chair, the remains of her precious Christmas money in her bag, did Jean feel a sense of misgiving in regard to her wonderful plan. Thoughts of how grandma would feel and what Aunt Alice and everybody else would say, crowded uncomfortably the pleasant dreams of sacrifice and service.

Just then the porter, swinging down the aisle, gave the solemn warning that this was the last call for dinner, and Jean suddenly realized that she was very hungry. Half afraid and very much confused, she found

herself seated at a table opposite a young man in dark blue serge, whose appearance she was too embarrassed to notice. To cover her confusion she reached for the menu card at the same time that the young man, who had been abstractedly reading a paper, reached for it. Their hands touched. In her fright the adventuresome hand was withdrawn and, horror of horrors, upset her glass of water, thoroughly drenching the table and her lap.

In the confusion of getting established at a table across the aisle just vacated, all formalities were dispensed with, and with laughter and merriment the meal proceeded. Before it was over Jean had artlessly told the stranger all about her great ambition.

It was rather a grave young man who followed Jean back into the parlor-car and tried to explain that perhaps Red Cross nurses needed some three years' training, and then some experience before they would be welcomed at the front, and that something more than high and a willing spirit was needed.

"Then shall I have to give it up?"

Jean turned her face away to hide the tears of disappointment that she simply couldn't keep back. Her wonderful plan shattered just because she hadn't had three paltry years of training! She knew that she would be able to cure all those hundreds of wounded men, even if she hadn't had any experience. It was willingness that counted. But before Jean had reached the end of her journey she was sure that it was far nobler to heal one man, dying on account of love, than hundreds dying on account of hate.

LOUISE WHITTEN, '16.



ANOTHER man of genius sacrificed to the god of war. In the death of Rupert Brooke in the Dardanelles, England has lost the only great lyricist of the younger generation of poets. When will there be an end to this terrible sacrifice of precious human life?

RUPERT BROOKES' FAREWELL TO ENGLAND

If I should die, think only this of me:

That there's some corner of a foreign field
That is forever England. There shall be

In that rich earth a richer dust concealed,

A dust whom England bore, shaped, made aware,

Gave once her flowers to love, her ways to roam,

A body of England's, breathing English air,

Washed by the rivers, blest by suns of home,

And think this heart, all evil washed away,

A pulse in the eternal mind, no less.


Gives somewhere back the thoughts by England given,

Her sights and sounds, dreams happy as her day,

And laughter, learnt of friends, and gentleness

In hearts of peace, under an English heaven.

THE LAND OF "ANNE OF GREEN GABLES"

NE hot July morning we sailed down Boston Harbor past the Floating Hospital and numerous fishing boats. The sea was like glass, but as darkness gathered over us, we began to realize we were being "rocked in the cradle of the deep," to the not very soothing sound of a shrill fog horn, which blew on an average of every five minutes all night long.

We entered St. John Harbor about six a. m. St. John, as usual, was wrapped in a dense fog. After spending a few hours in that city, we proceeded on our way to Point du Chene. There we went aboard the steamer, "Empress." A few hours' sail, and Prince Edward's Island, the "Land of Anne of Green Gables," came to view. That beautiful island seemed to smile a welcome to us over the waters.

Arriving at Summerside, we boarded a train for our destination, one hundred miles farther east. At every little station at which the train stopped, I looked out of the window, half expecting to see a quaint little figure, clothed in brown winsy, patiently awaiting the arrival of Matthew Cuthbert.

Our vacation was spent in a little village near the sea. This village also has "a never failing brook, a busy mill." Some of the happiest hours of my vacation were spent by that brook, watching the trout leap out of the water. A twenty minutes' walk through spruce groves brought us to the seashore, one of the most beautiful beaches in Canada. One can walk for miles along that beach, and not see a living being, nothing but sea-birds. While the sea is beautiful in fine weather, it is magnificent before a storm. I used to sit for hours, watching the sea and listening to the moaning of the bar.

A drive of five miles brought us to the church which we attended every Sunday. From my seat in the little church, I could look out of the window on my right and see the beautiful waters of Fortune Bay. Looking through the window on my left, I could read the inscriptions on some of the tombstones in the churchyard. In strolling among the graves, Grey's "Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard," kept running in my mind, but the words, "neglected spot" could not be applied to this churchyard. Each grave was attended by loving hands. Flowers grew everywhere, roses sheathing their petals over the graves.


What impressed me more than the beauty of Prince Edward's Island was the kindness of the people. Everyone did all he could to make our visit a pleasant one.

Time flies, especially in a summer vacation, so all too soon, one golden September morning, I sat on the deck of the little steamer, "Empress," and watched the "Beautiful Garden of the Gulf" fade away in the distance.

DORA MCKIE, '15.



THE BOYS' DEBATING CLUB

N Friday evening, February 26th, a debate was held in Assembly Hall, Stoneham, between the W. H. S. Boys' Debating Club and the Webster Club of Stoneham, on the question, Resolved: That private ownership of the telephone and telegraph lines is more desirable than government ownership. The affirmative side was upheld by Eugene Sullivan, Thomas Murray, and Jerry Buckley of the W. H. S., and the negative side by C. Carter, W. Clough and L. Worthen of Stoneham. Mr. P. Keenan of Stoneham, presided. The judges were Principal Rockwood of the Everett High School, Principal Hulpman of the Melrose High School, and Mr. Marke, instructor in the Everett High School. The score was as follows:

	W. H. S. Points	Stoneham Points
Lay out,	2	6
Delivery,	6	2
Argument,	10	0
Rebuttal,	9	0
	—	—
Total,	27	8

Twelve minutes were allowed each speaker in the main debate; the rebuttal was given by Jerry Buckley and C. Carter. The affirmative side maintained that government ownership was wrong in theory and a failure in practice; the negative side discussed the question of when and how the industries should be taken over.

Many students and friends were present from both towns. Music was furnished by the Stoneham High School, adding much to the pleasure of the evening.



We regret the continued absence of Mr. Fred H. Harvey, teacher in the Commercial Department, due to serious illness at his home in Lynn. We hope for his speedy recovery. His classes have been carried on by Miss Grace Ryan, a graduate of the department and student at Simmons College Summer Session.

THE GIRLS' DEBATING SOCIETY

THE Girls' Debating Society has added seventeen new members, making a total number of thirty-six members. Since the last DEBATER was issued, four regular debates and four informal debates have been held.

Monday, Feb. 8. Resolved: That the United States should pass laws to prevent the accumulation of immense fortunes by individuals. Affirmative side, Velma Eaton and Mary Murray. Negative side, Marjorie Preston and Grace Auburn. The judges decided in favor of negative side.

Monday, Feb. 15. An informal debate was held. Resolved: That the 12th of February should be a legal holiday.

Monday, March 15. Resolved: That the United States should own and maintain a merchant marine. Affirmative side, Thelma Bridge and Mildred Barstow. Negative side, Margaret Clark and Lena Muse. The judges decided in favor of the negative side.

Monday, March 22. An informal debate was held. Resolved: That every high school should have a girls' athletic association.

Monday, March 29. Resolved: That Billy Sunday should not come to Boston. Affirmative side, Doris Vint and Josephine Stoddard. Negative side, Pearl Jackson and Marion Cardinal. The judges decided in favor of the negative side.

Monday, April 12. An informal debate was taken up. Resolved: That high school students, who make a grade of 90% or more in their daily work should be excused from examinations.

Monday, April 26. Resolved: That all countries should have unarmed peace. Affirmative side, Hazel Barstow and Helen Horton. Negative side, Grace Auburn and Gertrude Butler. The judges decided in favor of the negative side.

We are pleased with the spirit the Freshman have shown and hope many more will join the society in the near future. HAZEL E. BARSTOW, Sec'y.



THE GIRLS' GLEE CLUB

THIS year the girls organized a Glee Club, with Mr. Jones, instructor of music, as president and Miss Olive Pearson, vice president. There are thirty members in the club, all of whom show great enthusiasm in the work.

The club has been asked to sing at a meeting of the Parents and Teachers' Association in the Town Hall and has decided to do so. The club will also sing at graduation. THELMA BRIDGE, '15.

DEPARTMENT OF GRAMMAR SCHOOLS

[EDITORIAL NOTE—The purpose of THE DEBATER is to give the boys and girls of Wakefield an opportunity to see their writings in print. That as many as possible might have this opportunity the eighth grade pupils were invited to send contributions to the present number. From the contributions received Superintendent Atwell has selected three which he considers the best. We print them in the order of their excellence.]



THE ORIGIN OF THE SAHARA DESERT

ONCE upon a time, as all fairy tales begin, the vast area now known as the Sahara Desert was covered with fields of waving grain and grassy meadows. A king, having one little daughter, reigned over this vast estate. But with all his riches and lands, this king was very selfish. His grass, which he greatly prized, was the fairest of the earth, and gave such sweet odors that people came from near and far to scent it. But these visitors were always surrounded by guards as not one blade—not one of these millions of blades of grass could be pulled. Day after day this went on and the king grew more and more selfish!

One day his little daughter, Rosebud, held a party in honor of her ninth birthday. Many little friends and playmates were playing about the lawn, pulling the grass and flowers. The king from the palace window saw these actions and raged around his room, blaming everyone whether present during the action or not. Locking the princess in a tower, he commanded her not to enter his presence again for ten years.

The next morning on rising, the royal court could be seen in the windows of the palace, roaring with laughter. Far out, standing in a barren field, stood the king, bare headed with only one shoe on. He was almost frantic, raging about and acting in such a manner that all agreed to remain inside. All around for one mile nothing could be seen but sand, sand, sand. Sand everywhere, over hill and valley. Far to the left and right nothing but barren land could be seen. The next morning another mile was gone and so on until the whole of his vast estate was gone. The king had been punished enough. He no longer wished to live, and finally died, with his daughter, now a young lady, comforting him. His people now no longer lingered in this barren land and moved to a far-off country. This land is now of little use to any one and so we have our great Sahara.

IDA M. LOW,

Franklin School.

AN UNWELCOME VISITOR



OST!

Yes, Dick Palmer was surely lost. All around him was a dreary expanse of mountainous land, and being unfamiliar with the country, he knew no landmarks. He, with two friends, were crossing the Rockies and, as their stock of provisions was getting low, Dick went ahead in search of game. He was now lost, but he kept walking in the direction he thought was the right one.

The sun had long been down behind the mountains when Dick at last admitted to himself that it was useless to go on farther, at least for that night. So he gathered enough wood for the night and built a small fire, over which he cooked some bacon. After this frugal supper he wrapped himself in his blanket and was soon asleep, for his long tramp had made him exceedingly tired.

When Dick awoke it was still very dark, about one o'clock he judged by the position of the moon. The fire had burned down to a pile of glowing embers. Dick put more wood on it, and, turning over, tried to get asleep again. But he found it impossible. He had a vague, uneasy feeling that something was going to happen.

He was just dozing off when a sound from the underbrush beyond attracted his attention. Quickly getting up he saw two fiery balls, which he knew were the eyes of some wild beast, glaring at him.

Fearing to anger the animal by shooting at it, Dick picked up a firebrand and waved it at the animal. The beast backed away, and by the light of the torch, Dick saw that it was an enormous mountain lion!

This last discovery nearly unnerved the boy, but he quickly recovered himself and, picking up his gun, waited for the beast to attack.

He did not have long to wait, for soon the great cat came noiselessly toward him, its tail moving slowly from side to side. Dick involuntarily shuddered as he caught a glimpse of those gleaming white fangs, but, summoning up his courage, he raised his rifle and fired at the intruder. The shot hit the great cat in the shoulder, and with a roar of pain the infuriated beast sprang at Dick. Dick neatly stepped aside. As his rifle was only a single shot, Dick took a hunting knife from his belt. As the great beast charged again, he plunged it up to the hilt in the animal's side. But there was no side stepping now, and boy and beast went down together, the beast on top.

When Dick opened his eyes he saw two faces peering into his. With a feeling of thankfulness he recognized them as his chums.

"The lion?" he murmured.

"Oh, he is dead," answered one of the boys. "We were out hunting for you when we came across you, lying under a dead mountain lion, which had your knife in its heart."

The lion's skin now hangs in Dick's bedroom, and he never looks at it without a feeling of thankfulness for his narrow escape.

JOHN W. SANDS

Greenwood, Grade 8.



THE NEED OF BIRDS



ONE hot summer day my sister Betsy, and I were walking along a country road. The sun's rays were very hot, and being tired we sat under the cool shade of a tree to rest.

Looking around we saw birds chirping and flying from branch to branch. Betsy gazed thoughtfully at them for a while, then turning to me asked whether I knew if the birds were of any use to men. Thereupon I began telling her some things I knew concerning birds which interested her very much.

"A few years ago thousands of birds were slaughtered for millinery purposes and also for sport. I am happy to say that the government has since passed a few laws for the protection of some kinds of birds during a certain part of the year. Aside from their sweet songs, which brighten our lives, they are very helpful to the farmer."

"How's that," asked Betsy, growing very interested. "Don't the birds scratch up seeds and eat our strawberries and cherries?"

"Listen," said I. "Locusts appear and many different kinds of birds come and feed upon this destroyer of plants. Most of the field birds eat grasshoppers and cutworms. And which contains fruit seeds cling to the bird's feet and when it falls plants usually grow. Crows, whom the farmer thinks his worst enemy, devour many insects which are dangerous to vegetation. Many caterpillars eat twice their weight in leaves every day, showing still another need for birds. It is said that yearly one-third of the crop of cranberries of Cape Cod is destroyed by insects. More birds would save this great loss. Think of all this and answer your question yourself."

"O," said Betsy: "I will always try my best to help these birds. I'm so glad we sat down to rest and I have a very different opinion of them now than I did before. This talk has taught me a great deal which I shall never forget."

ISABELLE GOLDBERG,

Lincoln School.

A NEW VERSION OF MOTHER

GOOSE



LD Mother Goose wore a discontented look, while her voice sounded frightened, as she spoke to Mother Hubbard:

"Good morning, Mother Hubbard", she said, "I've come to talk very seriously with you." Mother Hubbard noticed how discontented Mother Goose looked and invited her into the private office.

"Has the old world been complaining to you?" questioned Mother Hubbard.

"That is the trouble," admitted Mother Goose.

"Well," said Mother Hubbard, "I will call in my talented servant to help us." "Here, Towser," she called. In an instant a loud "Bow Wow" was heard and in walked Mother Hubbard's delight, the dog that could sing, dance, play, and write.

The dog began at once to talk. "I have heard," he said, "that the world is not pleased with your rhymes, Mother Goose."

"That is the truth, and the world wants them revised," she answered.

"Nice, very nice," said the dog. "I will call all the rhyme people to revise them right away."

"To help the cause along," said Mother Hubbard, "I will begin my new rhyme now:

"Mother Hubbard, my children, as you have heard tell,

Decided one day her poor dog was ill.

So she gave him some cake and played him a tune,
And within a week he was visiting the moon."

"Very unsensible, but it might be worse," said Mother Goose.

The little red hen was the first one called to change her rhyme. "I'm so tired of life, washing dishes and sweeping," she said; "if I could make a new rhyme, I would say:

"Take things easy, this is the life

That will make you happy without any strife."

Three little kittens and their mother came next. Mrs. Cat had a complaint to make. "Must I always be scolding my kittens for losing their mittens?" she asked. "If I had to write something that little children would always want to read, I would revise my rhyme in this fashion:

"I'm a good mother cat with kittens three,

I'm as good to them as they are to me."

Still many of Mother Goose's favorites hadn't spoken. These Mother Hubbard arranged in a line. Then she gave a pencil and paper to Mother Goose on

which to write the lines as they were recited.

Little Miss Muffet quietly sat on a tuffet, at the head of the line. She smiled sweetly at Mother Goose and began to recite:

"Little Miss Muffet (it seems a bit queer)

Says spiders and bugs are to her very dear."

The old woman that lived in a shoe stood behind Miss Muffet. "Excuse me for hurrying you, but children can't be left alone long," she said. "I must say what I can and then go home. I decline to be called the old woman

"That always lived in a shoe,

I live in a brown and green house,

And act as the best people do."

Little Bo Peep's turn to talk came next. Her cheeks were wet with tears, which dropped down on her checked apron. "I hate to have little girls think that I am so careless about losing sheep," she said; "I never even lost a little lamb. I think my verse should read like this:

"My name is little Bo Peep.

In daytime I play, and at night I sleep.

I like the lambs that are sick or weak.

I never, never lose my sheep."

Little Jack Horner came next. His face was covered with Christmas pie. His voice sounded better for the food, and he spoke in a lusty voice:

"I like 'most every one I know,

Especially Simple Simon.

Because he carries cakes and pies,

He's Mother Goose's pieman."

These choice and selected verses will soon appear in book form under the name of "Revised Rhymes of Mother Goose."

JOSEPHINE F. STODDARD, W. H. S., '17.



ROBIN IN SPRING

As I sit at my window on Easter morn,

I hear the flutter of little wings,

And looking out upon the lawn.

I watch the dear Robin while he sings.

To me his sweet notes seem to say:

"I have come from the land of far-away,

And bring to you with the song I sing

The balmy breath of coming spring."

MIRIAM CROSBY, '18.

THE LEGION OF THE DEAD



In the land of death and darkness,
In the land whence life has sped,
I found myself awalking
'Mid the relics of the dead.

There I saw a ghostly figure,
Whence the living soul had fled,
Who sat a weeping, weeping,
'Mid the campfires of the dead.

I touched him on the shoulder,
And he turned to me and said:
"Oh, thus they pass forever,
The living and the dead.

"The left, an endless, living band,
Hollow-eyed, thin, and gaunt;
Women and children stagger on
In an endless woe of want.

"They march along, so weary paced,
My heart is torn with dread;
For ever their hungry cry goes up,
'Give us, oh, give us bread'.

"On my right, the ghostly soldiers pass,
With deep, dead muffled roar;
I can hear the click of their dry canteens,
And guns that will ne'er roar more.

"Endless, endless, endless, they seem,
As in death they plod along;
And ever the ghosts of drums beat out,
Oh wrong! wrong! wrong!

"The living wail their ceaseless cry,
'Give us, oh give us bread,'
But the dead pass on with 'Ask not us,
We're the Legion of the Dead.'

"Husbands, fathers, sons, they are
Of those women who cry for bread;
But they pass them by with silent stare,
This lone Legion of the Dead.

"Their labors o'er, their duties done,
Their tongues dead dried in dust,
Through eternity they march away,
Their rifles crumbling in rust

"For still War calls his fearful cry,
And nations answer back,
'Do with us, Dread One, as you will,
Though of bread there be a lack'.

"So forever, shall men die gory,
Their children of hunger die,
While the flow'r of manhood for glory
Shall answer the selfish cry.

"And War shall mock civilization,
With jeers at the cry for bread,
As he stoops and snuffs the candles
Of the Legion of the Dead.

"And I am doomed to watch them,
Hearing terrible, living cries,
And the steady tramp of the heroes,
Who die though not knowing why."

I found myself awalking,
Afar from the land of dread;
But my ears were ringing, ringing,
With that wretched cry for bread

EXCHANGES



E acknowledge with thanks the receipt of the following:

"The Eltrurian," Haverhill, Mass.

"The Sanborn Echo," Kingston, N. H.

"The Omnibus," Franklin, Penn.

"The Blaze," The Huntington School, Boston, Mass.

"The Authentic," Stoneham, Mass.

"The School Life," Melrose, Mass.

"The Curiosity Shop," Texarkansas, Texas.

"The Clarion," Everett, Mass.

"Orange Peals," Orange, Mass.

"The Item," Dorchester, Mass.

"The Tripod," Thornton Academy, Saco, Me.

"The Blue and White," Westbrook, Me.

"The Voice of L. H. S.," Falmouth, Mass.

"The Oriole," Bushwick High School, Brooklyn, N.Y.

"Teck News," Worcester Polytechnic Institute, Worcester, Mass.

"The Railroad Employee," Newark, N. J.

"Reflector," Gloucester, Mass.

"Oracle," Bangor, Me.

"The Station Agent."

"The Eltrurian" has been unusually good this year. Some of the poems, especially "Peace on Earth" and "Grapes of Tantalus" have real merit.

"The School Life" has a very good exchange column. The department under "Man Sagt" is interesting.

"The Oriole" must have a fine staff artist. We find the editorials very good.

"The Clarion," Everett, Mass., is a very lively weekly.

"The Blaze," Huntington School, Boston. A fine, all around paper, printed on good paper, containing fine cuts, and an interesting technical department.

"The Curiosity Shop," Texarkansas, Tex. A fine exchange column. We wish you success with your new paper.

"The Tripod," Saco, Me., has some good stories, but would not a few cuts be interesting?

"When rank stops you from baseball,
And a trip you sometimes miss,
You'd like to swat the guy who said,
That 'Ignorance is bliss.'"

KINGSTON.



'15

Fellows and girls are we
In every degree.
Few of us short
Ten of us not
Every one happy
Every one gay.
Now is the time for graduation day.

M. G. K., '15.

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